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Poetry.

THE MARINER'S LAST TRIP.

BY W. R. D.

Her livid lips and her brow he kissed,
And raising his hand on high,
In that agony he seemed to ask
Of his God, "Not yet to die!"
While looking and praying thus, a wave
A wild, long, mountainous wave,
Came, pushing with power, I yelled with
fear—
It burst—it was their grave.
Rent was our spar, by that hideous wave;
God knew how I felt on that
I know not, but in the howling waste,
I was alone—and alone!
Now, sliding by me, came something huge—
"Twice a plank—I got astride.
Oh! I dream of that dark, dark night!
Of that terrible tempest—
That hideous night, that watery hell—
That hollow, cavernous din,
It beat away thought with its ponderous
power.
As the soul dead defies sin,
And my memory flash'd afire,
And I offered up my agony
To the God of the wave and the wind,
Thus hour after hour, oh! the agony of pain—
In the darkness—in the din—
And swaying about in horrid doubt,
As a dark soul awakes in sin,
Hour after hour—oh! the agony of pain—
Oh! I thought I looked like a God—
Oh! I thought I looked like a God—
Alone, to die in the dark.
Oh! that hellish night—that life-long night!
In the valleys of the waves,
Whose towering heads, like the pyramids,
Were haunted by the spirit of pain—
But a sickly pallor came at length,
And stole o'er the murky pall—
And the darkness seemed to this way,
And to look less like a wall.
Strained were my eyes, till they pained me
 sore.
The darkness whitened on—
And whiten—and whiten more and
more—
Till there came a tinge of dawn,
I could see my hand on the hard plank
That had stood so well my friend—
Then I saw—Great Lord! to my wild amazement
A MAN on the other end!
Oh! I saw—oh! I saw—
That hideous night all thro'
I had been adrift with that lonely man!
That hideous night all thro'
He was huddled up, hugging the board,
And would to it, and to him,
But his head was raised with fiery stare,
And his face was sunk and grim.

Selected Tale.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

By the author of "The Black Knight."

THE DARK KNIGHT OF THE FOREST.

So from his armor nam'd and sable helm
Whose unbar'd visor mortal never saw.

The storm still raged with unabated
violence, and the wind as it howled around
him, dashed to and fro the waving plumes
upon the helmet of the knight; but he
heeded it not, and continued to urge his
coal black steed toward the dark and
gloomy forest. The wind staid its fury
for a space, and the moon broke suddenly
between two warring clouds, as if she
would have calmed with her soft holy light,
the furious tempest that was raging around.

That momentary light gave to view the
knight upon his coal-black steed entering
the precincts of the forest. As darkness
again closed, the sound of approaching
steeds was heard, and a deep hoarse voice
exclaimed, "Curses on the storm, 'tis
there no place of shelter nearer than your
father's castle, lady!"

"Swear not," replied a soft female voice,
"Swear not, Count Gondibert, lest you
bring down Heaven's vengeance on our
heads. There is no place of shelter save
this forest, and I will not enter it."

"Why fear you this, fair lady?" replied
the other, "am I not here to guard and to
protect you? Can you fear the straggling
bandits who infest it?"

"It is no human power I fear, my lord,"
replied the soft voice, "it is a shuddering
revel of another kind. Hast thou forgot-
ten the legend of the forest, how a brave
knight was basely murdered there return-
ing to his young and lovely bride, by a re-
vengeful and disappointed rival? I can-
not enter it, my lord; I'll rather brave the
fury of the storm. Hark! hark! the sound
of hooves' feet is beating in the forest."

Count Gondibert listened, but before he
had time to prepare for defence, there was
a rush from its dark bosom, and in a mo-
ment they were surrounded by horsemen.
The lady Bertha shrieked. Count Gondi-
bert drew his sword, and called on his at-
tendants to defend themselves. They quickly
drew forth their fire-arms, but fear

together at the castle of her uncle, whence
they had just returned. Count Gondibert
contracted his brows, and a dark fire
flashed from under them, as he answered
in a haughty tone, that the lady Bertha
had peremptorily refused to listen to his
suit, and he feared he must aspire to no
more than her friendship. "Her love," ad-
ded he with a bitter smile, "still appears
to be buried in the grave of the past."

The baron frowned, but smoothing his
features, he said "It is nearly a year,
Count Gondibert, since the mysterious
death of Albert, and Bertha may surely
now be won to think of a lover more be-
fitting her than an unknown boy. She
speaks not of him, she seems to lament him
not." The baron was here interrupted by
the soft sound of a lute, and Bertha's voice
was heard singing, in tones of deep feeling,
the following song:

This mournful heart can dream of thought but this,
As with slow steps among these shades I move,
And hear the nightingale from tree to tree
Sighing, I love! I love!

This mournful heart can dream of thought but this,
That still our fatal parting will renew;
To hear that bird, when spring's last eve is gone,
Sighing, adieu! adieu!

The baron said no more, and the con-
ference was broken up.

The following morning Count Gondibert
sought an interview with the lady Bertha,
and renewed his suit; but she repulsed
him with indignation and displeasure, at
his thus breaking through the solemn
promise he had made her, never to resume
the hated subject. The count sprang on
his steed and galloped for the castle,
rage and vengeance burning in his breast.
Absorbed in dark reflections, he drew near
the forest without observing that he did
so. "She shall be mine," exclaimed he
aloud, "were all the powers of darkness
leagued against me!"

"They may assist thee," said a deep
voice beside him. He looked up—the
knight on his coal black steed was there—
he shrunk back and muttered a prayer,
though prayer was a stranger to his lips.
In silence, he rode, and the black knight
by his side, till he arrived at his own castle-
gates, when the knight slowly retraced his
way to the forest.

lest he should again encounter the black
knight; but it did not hinder him from
laying plans for the accomplishment of
his diabolical purpose.

"My mind is sad to day," said Bertha to
her attendant, "and I feel a wish to recline
on the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
the deep shade of its trees will be in ac-
cordance with the sadness of my soul."

"Ah! my lady," replied Matilda, "I too
feel this heaviness upon me, as if some mis-
fortune were impending over us; but I
shrink from the thoughts of that sombre
spot, which, without increasing our cheer-
fulness, must lay us open to a thousand
dangers. Go not to it, my lady; rather
from the secure battlements of your father's
castle, let us look out upon the sur-
rounding rich variety of prospect, which
cannot fail to cheer and revive our droop-
ing spirits." But Bertha would not listen
to Matilda's remonstrances, and turned
her steps toward the dark stream.

Scarcely were they within the shade of
the forest, whose branches waved mournful-
ly in the sighing breeze, when Bertha felt
the gloom deepening in her mind, and sad
thoughts, which filled her eyes with tears,
came crowding fast upon her. "Ah, Matilda,"
said she as they proceeded, "how like
is this shade to my darkened life! I have
left the morning light of joy behind, and
there remains for me but the night of
grief!"

At that moment she felt herself enveloped
in a close covering, which obscured
her sight and stifled her voice; she heard
the shrieks of Matilda, but she heard no
more, for a powerful arm was thrown
around her; she was hurried along, placed
on a steed before a horseman, and borne
swiftly away.

Long did they ride at a rapid pace, but
at last the horseman paused, and remov-
ing the covering a little, he raised some
wine to Bertha's lips—she turned her head
aside, and refused to drink it.

"Take it," said the horseman, "it may
help to sustain you in what you have yet
to undergo."

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed she,
"for what am I doomed? tell me, tell me,
by all your hopes of Heaven, for what am
I reserved? Drive me not, I implore thee,
to despair!"

"Innocence should never despair," said
the horseman sternly, "and again raised
the wine to her lips."

His words insensibly infused courage
into the bosom of Bertha, and raising her
thoughts to heaven in prayer, she took the
offered beverage, to renew her fast failing
strength. At length they stopped and she
was taken from the steed by the horseman.

A horn was sounded loud, and she heard
the clanking of the chains of a draw bridge
being down. She shuddered, but remem-
bering the words of the horseman, "inno-
cence should never despair," she made no
resistance, and suffered herself to be led
across the bridge, into what she imagined
to be the court yard of a castle. A door

was opened, and her conductor led her
down a flight of steps. "Oh, Heaven!"
thought he, "is it to a dungeon I am to be
taken?" but she spoke not. After descend-
ing some steps, they kept upon level
ground, then ascended a long staircase,
and her guide put a key into a door which
seemed to bar their further progress. He
opened it, and drawing Bertha within, said,
"You may remove the bandage," but be-
fore she could do so, he had retreated and
locked the door behind him.

In place of a dungeon, she now found
herself in a magnificent apartment. She
gazed around her in astonishment, but
something like the truth flashing upon her
mind, she exclaimed, "Rather to a dun-
geon!" She now threw herself upon a
couch, and endeavored to strengthen her
mind for what she expected would soon
follow; but she was interrupted in her re-
flections by the opening of a door at the
other end of the apartment. A female
entered and approached Bertha, who knew
not in what light to consider her, as she
appeared to be too elegantly attired for an
attendant.

"Why am I here?" asked Bertha, rising
from her couch, and who dares thus to treat a daughter of
the Baron von Edelstein?"

The female made no reply to her ques-
tion, but surveyed Bertha with a scruti-
nizing glance, and the result of her ob-
servations was not evidently pleasant. There
was something about this female which
made Bertha shrink, and turn away from
her gaze. The dark foreign look, the large
black eyes of fire, the compressed lip, for a
moment alarmed Bertha; but the dignity of
innocence could not forsake her, and of-
fended at the insolent survey, she turned
her clear but dove-like eyes upon her—
The bold eye sunk under that calm look.

"For what purpose am I here?" repeated
Bertha.

"I am appointed to attend you," replied
the female, "not to answer your questions.
Supper waits, will it please you to partake
of it?"

Bertha only waved her hand in silence,
and again sunk upon the sofa in tears.

Here in your apartment when you wish
Bertha made no reply, and with a haugh-
ty step the other left the room. On enter-
ing the chamber she examined every win-
dow and door, but they were all firmly se-
cured—there lay no hope that way; and
throwing herself down on the couch with-
out undressing, her weary spirit was soon
calmed in deep sleep. Bertha awoke not
until the morning was far advanced, and
soon after the female she had seen the pre-
ceding evening entered, and inquired how
she had rested.

"I rested well," said Bertha.

"What! did terror and despair not keep
you from rest?" inquired she, with a con-
temptuous smile.

"Innocence should never despair," said
Bertha, calmly.

The eyes of the female flashed fire, and
she looked upon Bertha steadfastly, whose
serene, innocent countenance, indicating
no reproach, she resumed her composure,
and showed Bertha into an adjoining room.

For some days she saw no one save the
woman, who relaxing little in her insolence
of manner, Bertha asked no more ques-
tions, and there was an almost total silence
observed on both sides. One evening,
however, she appeared to be singularly
agitated, and paced the room, involuntarily
clapping her hands as if bitter thoughts
crossed her, and occasionally gazing on
Bertha with a bewildered glance, who now
began to be alarmed. The female per-
ceived it, and immediately calming her
emotion, she took a lute from the table,
and commenced tuning it. Her hands
trembled as she swept the chords, but it
was a hand that knew how to touch it
well, and she sung the following song
with an unsteady voice:—

The wind howls wild in the hollow oak,
Breathing its anthem drear,
The bolting doors of fear;
The shrieks, the sobbing of despair,
Are bursting through the midnight air.

The startled eagle soaring springs
High from his lofty home;
The screaming willow bows her wings
O'er surging billows foam;
Are echoing round the beating steep.

Shrill screams, and low heart-rending moans,
Rise on the troubled sea;
Oh! human anguish swells these tones!
Tis a low-lorn maiden's wail,
And the heart heaves sick, and the blood
runs chill.

As ye list to a wail so wild and shrill,
Still cracks and moans the hollow oak;
When the storm sweeps through the wood;
And the redden suns the boding cloud;
When he scents the smell of blood;
And the prey-bird screams from their dire re-
cess.

When a warrior's form from the rocks is cast,
But the maiden's wail 'tis the silent now;
Her tears 'tis they are wiped away;
A mantling flush lights o'er her brow,
And there's joy in her eyes bright ray.
She smiles at the tale that her love
tells.

While all forgotten the last youth lies;
"Albert, Albert!" exclaimed Bertha,
"wringing her hands, and rushing up to
singer. "Woman," she continued, "who
has persuaded thee to torture a heart al-
ready almost broken with grief? Who
dare say that Albert is forgotten?"

The female appeared awed for a mo-
ment. Then fixing her eyes upon Bertha,
"Swear to me," she cried, "that he is still
remembered—swear to me that you will
resist Count Gondibert even unto death,
and a way for escape may yet be found!"

Indignation sparked for a moment in
Bertha's eye, as if she would have said,
"Wretch! thou knowest not the pure con-
stancy of a virtuous woman's love; but
repressing her feelings, she replied, "My
constancy is firm unto death—I never will
be Count Gondibert's bride."

A tear for the first time appeared in
those large black eyes. "Then I shall be
your friend—resist and fear not," saying
which she arose precipitately, and left the
apartment.

Bertha threw herself upon a sofa and
wept; but she was soon soothed by a heavy
sleep in her chamber. She started up,
and Count Gondibert stood before her—
He forcibly seized her hand, which she in
vain attempted to withdraw.

"I have cursed the moments that have
kept me from thee," said he; "but now
that I am with thee, nothing shall tear us
asunder till thou art mine, thou loved
though scornful one."

"Base, unmanly villain!" exclaimed
Bertha, dashing him from her, "I command
thee to restore me to my father—darest
thou, in thy dastard soul, ever to hope for
my consent? Away, traitor, nor dare to
lay thy coward hand upon me."

"Resistance is in vain," cried the count,
"I am enraged at thy contempt; 'tis this night
see you my bride—nothing can rescue you
from my power. In three hours every-
thing will be ready—prepare to submit in
silence to your inevitable fate."

"Monster! no power shall make me
thine—Heaven will protect me."

"Trust in Heaven, then," replied he with
a scornful laugh, "for no earthly aid can
reach you," saying which he left the apart-
ment, and Bertha trembled at the fate
which seemed to await her.

Two hours passed away in dreadful agi-
tation, and Bertha began to fear that the
promised assistance of the female at-
tendant was in vain, when at last she hastily
entered the apartment. Motioning Bertha
to kneel, she said, "The count has been
these three hours waiting for thee—
these three hours waiting for thee—
opened, and Count Gondibert appeared.

"All is ready," said the count; "I come
to lead my bride to the altar."

"Villain! I will not," said Bertha, grasp-
ing the sofa. "Approach me not at thy
peril."

"Carry the lady into the hall," said the
count, turning to his attendants. They
approached the terrified Bertha, and amid
her struggles and cries to Heaven for suc-
cor, they bore her into the hall.

The hall was hung with tapestry, and
but dimly lighted. A large mirror was
on one side, before which stood the priest
who was to perform the ceremony.

"If thou art a true minister of our re-
ligion," cried Bertha, "I charge thee in
the name of Heaven from aiding in this
most unholy design."

"Peace!" exclaimed the count, stamp-
ing violently. "Proceed!" added he, ad-
dressing the priest, who now opened the
book.

"Stop, I command you!" again cried
Bertha—Oh, aid me, Heaven!"

As she uttered these words she raised
her eyes, and the figure of an armed war-
rior met them, reflected in the opposite
mirror. It was that of the Black Knight;
and Bertha, uttering a heart-piercing shriek,
fell lifeless on the floor. The count grasp-
ed his sword; but the lights were suddenly
extinguished, and the deep tones of a well-
remembered voice near him, made his
blood run cold—"Where is thy prayer,
Gondibert?" it inquired; "another time,
and thy fate is sealed."

Lights were brought by some of the ter-
rified attendants. All remained appar-
ently undisturbed in the hall, save the unhap-
py victim, who, closely enveloped in her
veil, lay extended on a sofa.

"Ha!" exclaimed the count on observ-
ing her, "Bertha still here! then I defy
the powers of light and darkness—she
shall yet be mine. Proceed—the cere-
mony shall now be completed."

Motionless she was raised from the sofa,
and apparently having no power to resist,
the priest performed his office.

The count approached and raised the veil.
"Damnation!" burst from his lips, he
struck the frail form to the ground, and
rushed from the hall. It was the myste-
rious female whom we have formerly no-
ticed. Bertha was gone.

When Bertha recovered from the swoon
into which she had fallen, she found her-
self in her father's castle, supported by
him, and surrounded by her anxious atten-
dants.

"Heaven be praised!" said the baron,
"my child revives!"

Bertha slowly raised her eyes, and looked
bewildered around.

"Where am I?" cried she. Then per-
ceiving her father, she threw her arms
around him and wept on his bosom. "Who
has restored me to thee, my dear father?
who has saved your child from so horrid a
fate?"

"What fate my child?"

"You know it not then? but," she ad-
ded wildly, "who brought me here?"

"The Black Knight brought you to the
castle gate, and blew a fearful blast. He
spoke not, and on his coal-black steed he
slowly retraced his way to the forest."

"The Black Knight of the forest!" shud-
dered Bertha.

She then related to the baron Count
Gondibert's cowardly baseness, and the
dreadful fate which had been averted.

The baron's proud eye flashed fire.

"Gondibert shall rue this deed—but tell
me all, my child."

Bertha began her relation, but on reach-
ing that part where the female attendant
had sung, her voice faltered. Again as-
suming courage, she exclaimed with much
emotion, "Oh, my father, my heart is in
Albert's grave. Since his disappearance
from the castle, and the dreadful death he
is said to have met with, I have known no
happiness, no peace, no rest—I can never
love another."

The baron's brows contracted, and his
indignation rose. "Shame on thee, Ber-
tha! A page! an unknown low-born boy!
Shame, shame on thee to confess it!"

"Father," said she, raising herself proud-
ly, "he was no low-born boy." She pause-
d—her voice again faltered. "Why should
I now conceal it, since he is no more?—he
was the son of Berthold, thy deadliest foe."

The baron started from his seat—his
eye flashed on the pale-cheeked maiden,
who bent like a lily at the threatening
blast. "My deadliest foe!—and my daughter
loved him! Where was the noble
blood that should have risen to revenge
thy father's wrongs? I cast thee from me
thou lovest not thy father, or thou would
have bated his bitterest enemy."

"Oh, my father," cried Bertha, clasping
her hands, "Albert was not thy enemy."
He knew his father injured thee, and he
lamented it. He came to thy castle as a
deserted youth to seek thy kind protection,
and by services of love to make thee re-
paration for a father's fault. He saw,
and loved me. Father, forgive me! I am
restored to thee as by a miracle—Oh!

Bertha, she hastily left the apartment, with-
out replying to her appeal.

Exasperated at the villainous conduct of
Count Gondibert, the baron determined to
attack him in his castle, and punish his
unmanly attempt; but the count having
heard that Bertha was restored, and con-
jecturing what would be the consequences
when the baron was informed of his con-
duct, he resolved not to await the result.
One night, therefore, when all in the cas-
tle of the baron were buried in sleep, with
a strong force he attempted to surprise it,
and to carry off the lady Bertha. The
alarm was given. All flew to arms, but
they were taken unprepared, and their
numbers being greatly inferior, they gave
way before their assailants, who had al-
ready forced the gates.

"To the tower! to the tower!" shouted
Gondibert; "seize the lady Bertha!" and
rushed to the staircase, which the baron
bravely defended.

Young and powerful, and instigated by
doubtful motives of love and revenge, Gon-
dibert bore down all opposition; and hav-
ing cut his way to the baron, he had just
aimed a thrust at his breast, when his arm
was struck down with violence, and the
Black Knight stood before him.

"Again!" exclaimed the count, "May
all the powers of vengeance seize thee!
aiming a blow in desperation at the sa-
ble figure."

"Thy fate is sealed," said a deep voice;
and one stroke from a powerful arm laid
Gondibert bleeding on the ground.

"Confess thy sins before thy treacher-
ous soul takes its eternal flight," said the
Black Knight, as he bent over his victim.

"Make reparation for thy misdeeds!"

The lady Bertha rushed from the tower—
"My father! my father!" she cried—
"I will die with thee!" but on beholding the
scene, she stood riveted to the ground.

The knight's sword still hung suspend-
ed over the fallen Gondibert—"Confess!"
again said his deep-toned voice.

Gondibert half raised himself. "Lady, I
would make thee reparation. Albert died
not—he is in the dungeons of my castle."

"Albert is here!" said the Black Knight,
as he raised his helmet.

Gondibert's spirit fled—Bertha shrieked
and fell into her father's arms.

The baron's breast heaved convulsively.
He stood irresolute. Albert advanced to-
ward him and sank on his knee.

"My father injured thee—in the duty
and faithfulness of a son permit me to atone
for those injuries. Thrice I have saved
the lady Bertha from worse than death—
let the good deeds I may have done thee
and my constancy and sufferings, be repaid
by her hand. Baron Adelbert von Edel-
stein, dost thou grant my suit?"

The baron's struggles were past—he put
the lady Bertha's hand in that of the
youthful warrior, and turned aside to hide
a starting tear.

United States Laws.

OFFICIAL.

Passed at the Third Session of the Thirty-seventh Congress.

[Public No. 8.]

AN ACT making appropriations for the support
of the Military Academy for the year ending
the thirtieth of June, eighteen hundred and
sixty-four.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Repre-
sentatives of the United States of America in Con-
gress assembled, That the following sums be and
the same are hereby appropriated, out of any
money in the Treasury not otherwise appro-
priated, for the support of the Military Academy
for the year ending the thirtieth of June, eight-
een hundred and sixty-four:

For pay of officers, instructors, cadets and mu-
sicans, one hundred and seventeen thousand six
hundred and seventy-six dollars.

For commutation of subsistence, fire, and
fourty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

For pay in lieu of clothing to officers' servan-
ts, three thousand six hundred and seventy-three
dollars and fifty cents.

For current and ordinary expenses, as follows:
repairs and improvements, fuel and apparatus,
forage, postage, telegrams, stationery, transpor-
tation, printing, clerks, miscellaneous and inci-
dental expenses, and departments of instruction,
thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and five dol-
lars.

For gradual increase and expense of library,
one thousand dollars.

For the expense of the board of visitors, four
thousand dollars.

For forage of artillery and cavalry horses, five
thousand dollars.

For supplying horses for artillery and cavalry
exercise, one thousand dollars.

For repairs of officers' quarters, one thousand
five hundred dollars.

For targets and batteries for artillery exercise,
one hundred dollars.

For furniture for hospital for cadets, one hun-
dred dollars.

For annual repairs of gas pipe and retorts,
three hundred dollars.

For kitchen of cadets' mess hall, two thousand
dollars.

For furniture for soldiers' hospital, two hun-
dred and ninety-two dollars.

For replacing cadets' buildings, four
thousand dollars; provided, That the walls of
said buildings are, in the opinion of the superin-
tendent, strong enough to bear the weight of a
side roof.

For the apparatus, three thousand dollars.
Approved, January 28, 1863.

[Public No. 16.]

AN ACT to amend the act entitled "An act to
amend the act of the third March, eighteen
hundred and thirty-eight, entitled 'An act
supplementary to the act entitled 'An act to
amend the judicial system of the United States.'"

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Repre-
sentatives of the United States of America in Con-
gress assembled, That from and after the passage
of this act the districts of Ohio and Michigan
shall constitute the seventh circuit, and the dis-
trict of Illinois, the district of Indiana, and the
district of Wisconsin shall constitute the eighth
circuit.

Approved, January 28, 1863.

and sixty-three.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Repre-
sentatives of the United States of America in Con-
gress assembled, That the provisions of the act
entitled "An act to provide for the imprison-
ment of persons convicted of crime by the Crimi-
nal Court of the District of Columbia," approved
the sixteenth day of January, eighteen hundred
and sixty-three, be and are hereby made applica-
ble to all persons who had been convicted of
crime by the Criminal Court of the District of
Columbia and sentenced to confinement in the
penitentiary prior to the date of the act here-
inbefore passed, and subsequent to the transfer
by the fourth section thereof, and their transfer
to the penitentiary at Albany, in the State of
New York, in the present month, by order of the
President of the United States, and the said per-<

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 7, 1863.

The recent developments of the design of NAPOLEON in regard to America, are attracting some attention. And his previous acts are likely in consequence to be better understood. A little of the history of the past year begins to crop out in fragments of diplomacy which have been brought to light, if we may believe the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph. He refers indeed to the authority of the "Yellow Book" to substantiate his statements in regard to American affairs, a book which is usually distributed among the members of the French Chambers for their instructions upon matters of general interest. But there is perhaps nothing remarkable disclosed in these statements which the public are not prepared to find to be facts. The French Minister at Washington is said to have improved every opportunity to acquaint the Government of the White House to the recognition of the South by France, in case hostilities should continue to rage without any marked result in favor of the North. And again, in March last, the same Minister appears to have been instructed that France was anxious for some peaceful settlement of the difficulty, by other means than those of war and devastation; and that the Cabinet at Washington was presumed to be in a position "to lay down the basis of a compromise," the necessity of which was said to be felt more keenly every day.

But this is represented as the beginning of the efforts which terminated in the note addressed by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to the government of England and Russia, but which was not reciprocated by those governments to the desired extent. And the documentary fragments of the "Yellow Book" contain further evidence, it appears, of the exertions of France to bring about some sort of an accommodation, and so far as the diplomatic correspondence is a test, those exertions have not appeared to be altogether of an unfriendly nature. Indeed the French Minister at Washington is stated to have undertaken his remarkable journey to Richmond, about which there was some excitement at the time, not with any purpose connected with the recognition of the South, but only to attempt to bring about an amicable arrangement between the contending parties. But the result was, according to his dispatch, that he found no encouragement for the object of his mission, everybody agreeing with BENJAMIN that nothing short of independence would answer and nobody hesitated to declare that re-establishment of the Union was impossible.

But the document most deserving of attention, is a letter lately published in the *Moniteur*, and which being addressed by the Emperor to Gen. FOREY, may be safely considered as an authentic exposition of the Emperor's plans in regard to Mexico and the United States. And though this letter is under the date of July last, yet by its recent appearance in the *Moniteur* the public are notified that the policy of France remains the same. The line of conduct marked out for Gen. FOREY in Mexico, is a line of conciliation as well as of force. He is to side in the quarrels of no party, but to welcome the Mexicans without wounding their pride in proceeding to organize a provisional government, as an introduction only to the government of their own choice, which is intended should be a monarchy. The object is declared to be, not to deprive the Mexicans of their independence or of any portion of their territory, but to restore the Latin race to their position on that side of the ocean, give France prestige on the Mexican coast, to march upon the Mexicans and reduce them to a monarchy, if practicable, or at least to such a government as will be considered sufficiently weak to insure France a redress of grievances. But this is not after all the most luminous portion of the document.

The policy of this march upon the Mexicans is avowed as not confined to the benefits which are promised to that people. The United States are alluded to and named as having a share in the American policy of the Emperor. "In the present state of civilization of the world," says NAPOLEON in his instructions to FOREY, "the prosperity of America is not a matter of indifference to Europe, for it is she who feeds our manufactures and gives life to our commerce. We have an interest in this—that the republic of the United States be powerful and prosperous; but we have none in this—that she should lose possession of all the Mexican Gulf, dominate from thence the Antilles, as well as the whole of North America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the New World." This intimation of antagonism to the United States, throws a clear light upon the nature of the Mexican expedition. The conquest of Mexico was determined upon, it appears, for the purpose among other things of erecting a barrier against our future aggression in that direction. The occasion was seized as a favorable one for intervention in Mexico, because the United States were so much weakened and distracted by civil war. And the object of intervention in Mexico will not be more likely to be lost, in proportion as our civil war shall appear to be interminable.

The following resolutions of sympathy have passed both branches of the General Assembly:

Resolved, That the General Assembly tender their sympathies to the families of Brig. Gen. J. F. Rodman, and of Lieut. Robert R. H. Carter, who fell together, while gallantly charging at the head of a division upon the batteries of the enemy at the battle of Antietam, Maryland, on the 17th of September, 1862.

Resolved, That this General Assembly tender their sympathies to the families of Lieut. Col. William E. Sawyer, and Major Jacob Habbitt, of the 7th regiment, and of Lieut. Col. Joseph B. Curtis, of the 4th regiment, all of whom have fallen in the defense of the fortifications of the city of Antietam, Maryland, on the 17th of September, 1862.

Resolved, That this General Assembly tender their sympathies to the families of the officers and men of the Rhode Island regiments who have fallen in the defense of their country; and that this General Assembly, and the people of this State, will hold in grateful remembrance the names of the gallant dead who fell in the war for the preservation of the Republic.

Resolved, That the Secretary of State be directed to transmit copies of these resolutions to the families of the deceased officers.

This opportunity to enter the Naval School, of which we spoke some weeks since, will be offered on Tuesday next, when the Committee selected by Hon. WILLIAM F. SHEPHERD, will examine candidates at the High School, in Clarke street, commencing at 9 o'clock a.m. There will be no candidates selected; and it is hoped that some Newport boy will be the successful competitor.

The 12,000 acres of land to which Rhode Island is entitled under the law for the establishment of agricultural colleges has been located in Kansas.

In the present excited and excitable state of the country, not only in States where civil war is literally raging in its worst form, but also in States where all the safeguards and securities of peace should remain if possible unbroken, greater caution should be exercised not to aggravate the unavoidable evils of the times.

This caution is due to our social relations as well as to our political institutions. Both should be respected and revered from the very consideration that they belong to our common nature, and are designed benignly to relieve our common necessities. Respect and reverence may be withdrawn from them at will, it is true, and perhaps without being amenable to any human power authorized to inflict the punishment which perfect justice would demand. Still a neglect of this kind should not expect to go unpunished; because from the nature of men and of things it is impossible that delinquencies of this kind should prevail with impunity. The poison of disaffection and disorder, spreading throughout a State or community, will gradually infect the whole mass with the most serious troubles. The framework of society and government cannot be greatly disturbed by irreverence and disrespect without being followed by unhappy and unsettled consequences. And in this point of view, the interests of society in themselves are vastly more important than those which belong merely to government; one being the foundation and the other a superstructure of a country. And this is especially the case with the Anglo-Saxon or the Anglo-American framework of association of either kind. Though the social foundation is everywhere a matter of the greatest anxiety, and often survives unshaken by the storms which may demolish the political superstructure. But this Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-American framework has never been revolutionized in a hurry; and it may be doubted whether such a foundation has ever been subjected to any change which can properly be called revolution. The reasons might be given in detail, but they are already alluded to in general terms, as involved in the fact of greater respect and reverence for their country among men under that framework; and in the fact that men of that framework are not apt to forget that they are men.

The news of the disaster at Charleston, follows too closely after the disaster at Galveston to be attributed to accident or to the casual neglect of important stations. People will hardly credit the reports unless they shall be confirmed from more reliable sources. The official reports of the enemy will however be so far believed as to be presumed to be founded upon something serious, however fabulous in details. No doubt the first month of the New Year closed with a dashing naval sortie of iron clads from the blockaded city of Charleston, and that some one or more federal gunboats were sunk or disabled, and that the rest were disabled more or less and finally dispersed. But it appears from the enemy's account, which has an air of probability throughout, that on the evening of the first day of February a large number of the blockading squadron had re-appeared off Charleston. Meantime, however, the South Carolinians appear to have had a grand jubilee in this temporary interruption of the blockade. And the respective commanders, INGRAHAM of the naval, and BRAUER of the land forces, issue their joint proclamation declaring the blockade raised to take effect the last day of January, 1863. But what may seem to give a more serious aspect to this otherwise fanciful performance in the abstract, is the report that the foreign Consuls at Charleston had held a meeting at the same time with the treaty between the Confederates and certain Foreign Powers, which has been acted upon at Galveston and Charleston, to the effect that, as soon as the Confederates should succeed in breaking the blockade by their own force, then the recognition which they have so long demanded in vain would follow without any further delay. And undoubtedly a few weeks more will be sufficient to enable all to see better what the prospect of peace with Europe will be.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—Mr. Abraham T. Peckham has sold to Messrs. Jesse Chase and Henry T. Brightman, the estate on the Northeast corner of Washington square, for \$3,200. Mr. B. B. Kinsey has sold to Mr. Daniel T. Weinburne the lot North of the Ocean House, for \$300. Mr. Nathan Hammond has sold to Mr. Milton Hall, Jr., the "Andrew Millville estate" on Ferry Wharf, for \$200. Mrs. A. G. Potter has sold a lot containing 2800 feet of land on Dixon Lane extended to Mr. Daniel Hamilton, for \$216. Mr. Henry W. Vernon has purchased the "Isaac Peckham estate" on John street, for \$2300.

OUR readers will notice by advertisement that a change has been made in the time of delivering the lectures of Rev. Mr. RICHARDS. This has been done to accommodate our citizens, many of whom are engaged on the evenings previously announced. The course proposed by this gentleman are of the most interesting and instructive character. A large number of tickets have been already taken, and the course will commence on Monday evening next.

It will be seen by the advertisement of Aqueduct Engine Co. No. 3, that our notice last week was slightly incorrect. The Hop is to take place on the evening of the 20th inst., at the Fillmore Hall and a good feature in the arrangement is that the net receipts will be given to needy families of soldiers who have volunteered from this city.

It is stated in late foreign papers that England has proposed to the Pope to withdraw to Malta, and that M. Drouyn de Lhuys has expressed a hope that in the event of the Pope being compelled to leave Italy, his Holiness will retire to France in preference to England.

Hon. E. D. Morgan, Ex-Governor, was Monday elected U. S. Senator from New York, for six years from the 4th of March next, as successor of Hon. Preston King. The vote on first ballot was Morgan 86; Corning 70; Dix 1; Dickinson 1.

We understand the School Committee have fixed Friday the 20th inst., as the last day of the Winter term of the Public Schools, the Spring term to commence on Monday, 2d March.

ABOUT 100 mechanics and laborers are now at work upon Fort Warren making preparations for mounting heavy Parrott guns. The garrison at present numbers 180 men.

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IMPORTANT FROM GEN. PECK'S COMMAND.—A Great Battle and Union Victory.—The Richmond Dispatch of Monday has a Charleston dispatch of Jan. 31, over which all rebellion is exulting. The newspaper also regains the blockade of thirteen vessels, with the two first class frigates *Susquehanna* and *Camden*, and three outside, five rebel craft, one of the Federal vessels—went out, sank the Federal vessel *Mercedita*, saving only a boat's crew, sunk another gunboat, named *the* *Mercedita*, and the *Mercedita* is now in the hands of the rebels, but subsequently escaped—and thus alarmed and put to flight all the rest of the blockade fleet, "each one," says the graphic account, "running away without caring for the others."

The following is the official dispatch of the rebel commander, General PIERCE, to the Richmond Dispatch of Monday:

I went out last night. The vessel struck the *Mercedita* when she sent a boat on board and surrendered. The officers and crew were paroled. Captain Tucker *thinks* he sunk one vessel and sent another on fire, when she struck the *Mercedita* and the fleet, except three, went to the southward and eastward out of sight.

(Signed) D. N. INGRAHAM, Flag Officer Commanding.

When the fleet returned to Charleston, Palmetto had a grand jubilee, and the doughty Beauregard and Flag Officer Ingraham issued a joint proclamation in the approved Mexican or Japanese style, representing that the Confederate naval force had attacked the U. S. blockade fleet, and sunk and dispersed or drove off out of sight for the time being the entire hostile fleet; and they therefore formally declare the blockade raised.

The blockade of the fleet, except three, went to the southward and eastward out of sight. The blockade fleet, except three, went to the southward and eastward out of sight. The blockade fleet, except three, went to the southward and eastward out of sight.

The utmost secrecy was observed in regard to the movements, a precaution at once valuable and necessary. The reports of the rebels proved to be correct, and at the point of the blockade, the Confederates, except three, went to the southward and eastward out of sight.

After proceeding a short distance he desired a party of men drawn across the road as if to dispute his passage. He immediately dashed forward and asked, "who are you?" A volley was the response, and Lieut. Raper retired to make report. Follett's battery was then wheeled into action, and the action commenced in earnest. Then ensued an exhibition of artillery practice as has been rarely seen in this war. For three hours and eleven minutes this artillery duel continued, and the service of the guns on both sides is said to have been unexcelled. During this time the enemy was slowly giving way before the superiority of our commanding. Their pieces were all silenced by 7 o'clock, and they had been driven two miles from the "deserted house."

Prior had the advantage of position, and the direction of his artillery was equal to ours, but his infantry and cavalry proved no match for ours. As the enemy's battery seemed to become weaker and weaker, Col. Spear advised that the time had arrived for a charge, and Gen. Corcoran gave the order to advance upon the position. It must be confessed that the order was a fearful one for untrained troops. The only way to advance was through a sort of gorge, with heavy timber and swamp land on each side of the road. It was indeed entering the "valley of the shadow of death," for the enemy's cannon swept the narrow defile as with the bosom of destruction.

But that was the road, there was no other, and along that terrible pathway our soldiers were required to pass. The movement was one of peril. To delay was to lose the chance of triumph, and although death and danger marked the hour, it was the time to show the bravery of hearts and the strength of arm of our noble Union soldiers. Shame to recall it, but the advance was made, and a sort of gallant march was made, and the enemy's position was reached. The number of troops on each side was equal, the enemy having the advantage of choice of position.

The delay occasioned by the supineness of the Pennsylvania regiment lost the golden opportunity to capture a large portion of the enemy's cannon and many prisoners. Time was afforded the enemy to resume his retrograde movement and to take up a new position. Skirmishing continued for some seven miles along the road, and at about 4 o'clock we deemed expedient to make further pursuit, and the enemy was allowed to make his way to the Blackwater without interruption.

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The enemy has been driven back by his loss of an equal force, and our loss is great in view of the numbers engaged, the rebels have lost about one to our one, as evidenced by their long and painful retreat. The route of their retreat. At 4 o'clock we deemed expedient to make further pursuit, and the enemy was allowed to make his way to the Blackwater without interruption.

At the latest accounts from Suffolk, the rebels had retreated across the Blackwater river, our loss in the engagement of Friday was twenty-four killed and eighty wounded.

CAPTURE OF THE BRITISH STEAM-PROPELLER PRINCESS ROYAL.—The Richmond Whig of Saturday has the following:

After our victory at the press of Thursday night, a telegraphic dispatch was received announcing the capture of the steam-propeller *Princess Royal*, Capt. Lawson, while attempting to run the blockade into Charleston.

At the time of the departure of the *Princess Royal* from Halifax for Bermuda Northern papers announced the fact and gave a description of the vessel and cargo. The United States were, therefore on the look-out for her, and as she was making her way in daylight on Thursday morning she was suddenly surrounded by our Long Island land, where she was captured. The *Princess Royal* was one of the most valuable cargo, consisting of eight Whitefish, four steam engines for gunboats, rifles, powder, &c. The bulk of the freight was about 400 tons. A party of English workmen skilled in the manufacture of projectiles were captured with the vessel.

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OUR CAUSE DEFENSES.—The question is often asked:—Should foreign nations interfere in our deplorable civil war, are our fortifications on the sea-coast sufficient to protect us? In the present condition of affairs our forts would hardly be strong enough to protect us sufficiently well; but with the improvements and additions proposed by Col. Jos. G. Totten we could withstand the most powerful force which any of the nations of Europe could bring against us.

We have for the defense of our sea-coast, from Passamaquoddy Bay to Cape Florida, forty-one old forts and batteries (most of which have been repaired), requiring 5,445 men to garrison them and an armament of 1,097 guns; we also have built our new fortifications—viz. Fort Hamilton, Lafayette, Washington and Mason—requiring a garrison of 1,870 men and an armament of 336 guns. There are about twenty forts now under construction, which will require 13,750 men and 2,750 guns. Besides all these forts on our Atlantic seaboard, Col. Totten has proposed to construct some twenty additional forts, which will require 32,000 men and 6,355 guns.

For the protection of the Gulf frontier, from Cape Florida to Sabine Bay, we have nine old forts and batteries, containing 69 guns and garrisoned by 350 men; we have also built seven new fortifications, requiring a garrison of 1,000 men and an armament of 333 guns. There are three works under construction, which will require 1,010 men and 193 guns. Besides all these forts Col. Totten has proposed to construct ten new forts, for which a garrison of 3,150 men and 928 guns will be necessary.

It will be seen that if Col. Totten's plans are carried out, we shall have, in all, one hundred and sixty-four (164) forts and batteries, garrisoned by an army of 63,833 men and mounting 12,290 guns. Thus far our forts have cost about \$14,000,000; \$28,000,000 additional will be required to carry out the plans of Col. Totten. It must be remembered that these are all permanent forts, and these statements do not include the numerous field works already erected during the present civil war.

The term "guns" designates not only cannon, but also mortars, howitzers, &c. The garrisons mentioned are the regular garrisons, and by no means the full complement of men and men it will be seen that five men are allowed to each gun. The intelligent reader will say that five men cannot serve a gun with ease; but in action it is very seldom that more than one-fourth of the guns are in use. Allowing one hundred rounds to each gun, there would be required about 8,500,000 barrels of powder, at a total cost of \$7,000,000.

THE THIRD ATTACK UPON VICKSBURG.—The 10th inst. the day fixed upon for the union of two of the smallest people in the world—the Saviors, and the Indians, upon the combined attack of Gen. Banks and Gen. Grant upon Vicksburg—at least so says a "reliable" Western correspondent. The expedition of Gen. Grant will consist of 100,000 men and a fleet of gunboats, and that of Gen. Banks of 25,000 men, also with a fleet of gunboats.

The intelligent reader will not readily give credence to the "cut-off" on the Louisiana side of the river, may not be true. If it is correct, however, it indicates that very offensive siege operations have commenced.

The enemy is reported to be in heavy force at Vicksburg—about 20,000 strong—and the engineers will doubtless be a prolonged one. With a concentration of force, however, and a relentless siege, Vicksburg will fall a victim to a more powerful force than powder and ball—want of food. Gen. McClelland has already cut off one principal source of supply, and the dispatch of a force a short distance into the interior will entirely sever communication with the city. From the East of Vicksburg the rebels cannot obtain a great supply of food, and an army of 150,000 men will soon consume all that can have previously been stored in that city. Gen. Grant has entered upon the siege with a splendid army, and will not readily give credence to the "cut-off" on the Louisiana side of the river, may not be true. If it is correct, however, it indicates that very offensive siege operations have commenced.

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